

Love and Liberty.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is to be Acted at the
Theatre Royal in Drury-lane.

Written by CHARLES JOHNSON
Of the *Middle-Temple*, Esq;

L O N D O N;

Printed for *Bernard Lintott* at the *Cross-Keys* between the Two
Temple-Gates in *Fleet-Street.* 1709.

Price 1 s. 6 d.

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Written by CHARLES JOHNSTON
Of the Middle Temple, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed by H. B. ... in the Strand ... 1709.

Price 1 s. 6 d.

THE
TO THE
Judicious Criticks

Throughout the Town,
This TRAGEDY is
Humbly Dedicated by

Their most Obedient,

Most Faithful, and

Most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

From my Chambers in the
Middle-Temple, No-
vember 25, 1798.



CH. JOHNSON.

THE
PROLOGUE.

To be Spoken by Mrs. --- in Man's Cloaths.

AS some young Sinner, whom an early Fault
Has to the awful Seat of Justice brought,
With down-cast Eyes, and trembling Feet appears,
While the dread Presence of the Judge he fears,
Yet pleads his Youth, and unexperienc'd Tears.
Our guilty Author, whose Misgivings read
His hast'ning Doom, has nothing else to plead;
He owns his Fault, yet hopes you will excuse
The feeble Efforts of a Virgin Muse:
She's rude, 'tis true, unpractis'd in her Art,
But modest, and with Blushes wooes the Heart;
She can no Charms, but Modesty impart.
But if, because unknown, she must despair,
Yet one poor Virgin for another spare,
And with your Smiles crown my officious Pray'r.
So your Petitioner may grateful prove:
Kindness, return for Kindness, Love for Love.
But—let th' ill natur'd Critick have a Care,
If he but frown—to fight he must prepare,
And two Nights hence resolve to meet me here.

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

EXpect no Fawning, Sirs! the Poet's Champion, I,
Have sworn to stand, and every Judge defy.
But you the bullying Criticks I'll not name,
Judges, whose only Business is to damn.
Howe'er we thought you once, the Wise and Strong,
Know we have born your Impotence too long.
You that above your Sires presume to soar,
And are but Copies daub'd by Miniature;
You that have nothing right in Heart or Tongue,
But only to be resolute and wrong;
False is your Wit and Judgment now, I swear
By all the Virgins of each Theater:
The Poets for the future shall not stand,
Like Shrovetide Cocks, the Paul of every Hand:
Nor let the purblind Critick Sentence pass,
That shoots the Beauties thro' an Optick Glass.
Nor barbarous Noises from the Gallery come,
Nor Mask below to clap or hiss presume:
Let the Miss cackle at the Fops that flout her,
Or cluck the Squires that hovering peep about her.

For the great Dons of Wit,
To them is given full Privilege alone
To damn all others, and cry up their own.
The Ladies in their Eyes a killing Pow'r bear,
They can destroy; but nobler 'tis to spare.
Therefore he hopes these tender Scenes will move
And please the Fair, and they indulgent prove,
To LOVE and LIBERTY, as Liberty they Love. }

Dramatis Personæ

MEN.

ALBERTO, KING of Naples, a Tyrant and Usurper: In Love with Dardania.

ASCANIO, Lawful Heir of Naples.

CASTRUCHIO, Patriot of Naples: Husband to Dardania.

RONVEIR, Minister of State: A Villain.

ALPHONSO,

BELLMONT,

CRUIZIER,

PEDRO,

MENDOSO,

RAVILLIAC,

RINALDO, a Favourite of Ronveir's.

} Conspirators.

WOMEN.

MARTIA, the King's Daughter, in Love with Castruchio.

DARDANIA, Wife to Castruchio.

CAMILLA, Martia's Woman.

STELLA, Dardania's Woman.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, NAPLES.

Love

(I)

Love and Liberty:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE *Castruchio's House.*

Enter CASTRUCHIO.

CASTRUCHIO.

OH my afflicted and dejected Soul !
What unknown Melancholy presses thee
With its dead Weight, and damps thy rising Thoughts !
Or is't the kind indulging Influence
Of thy attendant Guardian-Angel's Care !
Whichever, e'er some hazardous Attempt, [*Enter Dardania.*
Hovers with tim'rous Wings o'er its dear Charge !
Oh ye Immortal Spirits ! who inspir'd
And steel'd the God-like *Brutus* noble Soul,
Inform our Minds— We have a Cause like his !
Th' ungorg'd Appetite of despotick Pow'r
Rages and wildly tears our bleeding Country.

DARDANIA.

My dearest Lord !———
What means this Tempest warring in your Mind ?
What mean these Starts ? What mean these cloudy Eyes ?
You labour with some mighty Load of Grief :
Ye Gods ! defend and guard my Love from Danger !

B

C A.

2 LOVE and LIBERTY.

CASTRUCHIO.

Leave me *Dardania*--- Give my Soul its Freedom :
I stand enclos'd amidst a Host of Troubles,
And have not time to parly with thy Fondness.

DARDANIA.

What have I done, my Lord?
That thus I'm made a Stranger to your Thoughts :
Why do you shun me like some loathsome Object ?
Oh let me feel the worst of Torments rather
Than be despis'd--- neglected by my Lord !

CASTRUCHIO.

Dardania, fruitless are thy kind Endearments :
For oh ! my Heart is a dispeopled Land,
A desolate, wild and undigested Mole :
I'm all one Mass of Grief.

DARDANIA.

As I'm your Wife, my Lord, I ought to be
The Part'ner of your Cares, as well as Joys.
Give me my lawful Share then of your Sorrows :
Why do you flight my Love ? Why play the Tyrant,
And rack me with your Scorn ? I cannot bear it :
Perhaps the Stings of Jealousy, *Castruchio*.

CASTRUCHIO [*Sighing*].

----- All my sad Retirements
My often, nay almost continu'd Watchings,
My broken Slumbers, and my restless Labours,
Have neither Root nor Growth from any Cause
That may be told to Woman --- Should'st thou be
False to my Bed, I might lament my Fortune,
Punish thy Falshood, and forget thee ever.
But that which like a never emptied Spring,
Feeds high the Torrent of my swelling Grief
Is LIBERTY--- NAPLES--- my bleeding Country !
There, There's the Cause whence Sorrows still arise,
And Sighs ascend like Vapours from the Flood,
To damp and quell our most extatic Joys.

DAR.

LOVE and LIBERTY.

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DARDANIA.

Indeed it touches me.

CASTRUCHIO.

Look on *Naples*,
The Paradice of *Italy*, as that
Is of the Earth — *Naples*! that once was made
The sweet Retirement of the noblest *Romans*,
As oft as e'er they met to share the Spoils
Of vanquish'd Kings, and tributary Nations:
Behold it now the Seat of Lust and Rapine;
A fetter'd Slave to a curs'd Tyrant's Will:
Our Customs chang'd, our Privileges lost,
And all our Fundamental Rights destroy'd.
So we may justly say amidst our Woes,
We have nothing left that we can call our own,
But our Misfortunes.

DARDANIA.

Sure never any Tyrant equall'd this.

CASTRUCHIO.

He has outdone 'em all —
Cesar's was noble Bravery; he fought
The injur'd *Romans* Quarrels, and then enslav'd 'em.
Alberto basely, meanly stole his Crown,
By violating Right, by Blood and Ruin.
Tarquin, *Caligula*, or scarlet *Nero*,
Those Brands of Perfidy, compar'd to him,
Are but faint Shadows of Tyrannick Pride!
They but as Kings abus'd the Regal Pow'r,
Alberto has the Nation's Glory sunk
In a vast Ocean of unfathom'd Vice!

DARDANIA.

Should your undaunted Virtue once attempt,
What could resist the Pow'r of Men like you!
That are born great, and fill'd their Country's Patriots.
Tear, tear, my Lord, this gaudy Pageant down,

4 LOVE and LIBERTY.

And free your Country from oppressive Wrongs,
Then give your gen'rous Soul its native Peace.

CASTRUCHIO.

Thou Glory of thy Sex! Thou more than Woman!
This most amazing Worth and Stedfastness
Shall thus unlock the Cabinet of my Breast,
And lodge the wond'rous Secret in thy Bosom!

DARDANIA.

I will be *faithful* as the Grave.

CASTRUCHIO.

Know then, e'er the third Morning dawns,
(Stand Heaven propitious!) our Liberty revives.

DARDANIA. How?

CASTRUCHIO.

In the curs'd Tyrant's Death.
No other way is left to set us free.
And this, (thou dearest Guardian of my Honour!)
A little has estrang'd me from thy Arms.

DARDANIA.

Oh! I forgive thee all — But yet I fear;
My tim'rous Heart betrays the Woman still,
Yet I will shake it off — Thou shalt not loose
For me thy Honour, and my Country's Freedom,
Nor will I thus indulge my fonder Weakness.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh! glorious Proof of unexampled Virtue,
But hark, my Friends are come — Retire my Love,
They must not know the Pledge I've trusted with thee.

DARDANIA.

Defend, ye Gods, oh! take him to your Care,
Your noblest Image both of Love and Honour.

[Exit Dardania.]

Manet Castruchio.

There's a strange Musick dwells upon her Tongue,
And melts my stubborn Resolution down.

LOVE and LIBERTY. 5

All my dear Fund of Honour, Glory, Fame,
Dardania! have I trusted to thy Virtue ;
And should thy Tongue betray me I am thrown
From all my glorious Hopes of Liberty,
Ev'n to the low Abyfs of black Despair.

Enter Alphonso, Bellmont, Cruizier, Pedro, Mendoi
and Ravilliac.

CASTRUCHIO.

Welcome you generous Band of noble Patriots ;
Your free-born Souls confess you *Romans* still ;
The worthy Off-spring of that great Republick,
Whose Laws once rul'd the tributary Globe.
I see you blush with noble Indignation,
And scorn to drag a Tyrant's servile Chain.

ALPHONSO.

Thy Words, *Castruchio*, bear such moving Force,
They wou'd inform ev'n Cowards with a Soul,
And kindle Sparks in the most abject Slaves.
But we are bound by more than common Ties,
By Gratitude, as well as Duty sworn,
To right our injur'd Prince *Ascanio's* Wrongs.

CASTRUCHIO.

That Godlike Youth, in foreign Climes, condemn'd
To bear the heavy Curse of Banishment,
Impatient of his Wrongs, waits for our Call.
Yet even there the Royal Image shines,
As Diamonds shoot their Lustre in the dark,
And proves, by nobly suffering, the Hero.

ALPHONSO.

He happily escap'd his Father's Fate :
Had that sweet Branch been lopt, our Hopes had dy'd,
And the Oppressor had securely flourish'd.

6 LOVE and LIBERTY.

CASTRUCHIO.

No, never— This Right Hand should sink the Traytor:
I'd force my Way through Crowds of Blatterers;
Then taking him i'th' Height of lustful Pride,
I'd plunge my Ponyard to his guilty Heart,
And fall a Loyal Martyr to my Country.

ALPHONSO.

This Night we have corrupted and engag'd
Some of the Tyrant's Guards i'th' Enterprize,
With such a Leader to encourage 'em
We cannot now miscarry.

CASTRUCHIO.

Alphonso, What new Name is taken in?
'Tis fit I know him—

ALPHONSO. *Ronveir!*

CASTRUCHIO.

Ha! *Ronveir*! He is *Alberto's* Tool—
A sordid Instrument of Tyranny,
That pimps to Power, and yields like temper'd Clay,
To every foul and villanous Impression.

ALPHONSO.

But now turn'd off, discarded, and forgot,
Disgrac'd and branded with the Name of Traytor,
His Wrongs have spur'd him to this manly Vengeance.

CASTRUCHIO.

Thoughtless *Alphonso*!
Ronveir is skill'd in Arts of Villany,
In deep Dissimulation read and practis'd;
Caught with this weak Disguise! Now all is ruin'd,
Thy credulous Folly has unravell'd all.

ALPHONSO.

He has already seal'd his own Destruction
By joining with us, and has ventur'd much,
And good my Lord, permit me then to say,
Had each *Italian* here, with cautious Doubts,
And poor Distrust examin'd t'other's Virtue,

This

LOVE and LIBERTY.

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This gallant Combination ne'er had been.

CASTRUCHIO.

And cou'd you find out none, *Alphonso*, none
To trust the Fate of *Naples* with, but him,
Who is in monstrous Leagues wholly devoted,
And sworn a common Enemy to Virtue?

ALPHONSO.

'Tis most ungenerous, this mean Distrust;
To say no more, I with that Resolution
Was founded well before, which every Breath,
Each idle Blast of Wind, thus shakes and staggers.

CASTRUCHIO.

Ill counsell'd Man! You have mistook *Castruchio*,
If you believe his Life was ever thought
Worthy his Care, or that he would survive,
To trample on his injur'd Country's Ruins.
But know, you have, like most unskilful Pilots,
Bulg'd the good Vessel; ev'n in Sight of Harbour,
And you must perish in the general Wreck!
I grieve, to see so great a Cause should find
Such weak Supporters; Hearts alone, not Heads.
But from this Moment I acquit my self;
And since you obstinately urge your Fates,
I disavow the fatal Consequence.

ALPHONSO.

You disavow the Consequence, my Lord:
Perhaps there's Danger in that Consequence.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh that my Life alone!
Cou'd but atone the Error of this Day!
You wou'd not say, *Alphonso*; No, you durst not!
That Danger, tho' more horrid and deform'd,
Than Cowardice e'er fram'd, should stop my way.
Go, lead your thoughtless, your unhappy Friends,
The Sacrifice of your misjudging Folly;
Ronveir impatiently expects your coming.

Go—

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Go—tame!y yield your Throats--- a grateful Present,
An Offering worthy of *Alberto's* Fury.

ALPHONSO.

Yes, we will go—— and e're to Morrows Dawn,
Our Names shall eccho in thy trembling Ears,
The bold Defenders of fair Liberty!

While you like a poor wary Gamester, loose
Your glorious Share. For Fear of what may come,
Forbids you still to venture for the Prize.

My Friends----Will you assert our noble Cause,
And hazard Life with me in this Attempt ;

Or have you caught *Castruchio's* Diffidence,
And shrink like him, when Glory leads to Danger.

OMNES.

We'll live or die with *Alphonso*.

ALPHONSO.

On then, ye brave Companions of my Fortune,
And leave this once thought Hero to his Tears!

[*Exeunt.*

CASTRUCHIO.

They're gone—— inevitable Ruin now
Involves 'em all—— and Freedom is no more.

Re-enter Dardania.

DARDANIA.

Castruchio! I've o'er-heard this fatal Business,
And wonder at thy great, thy matchless Prudence :
This *Ronveir* is a Villain.

CASTRUCHIO.

What would you have him be---- Villany is
His Business--- Palaces are Marts, where Truth
And Honesty are sold at under Rates :
And nought but Flattery bears a Price to live by.

DAR-

LOVE and LIBERTY.

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DARDANIA.

Thou art certainly betray'd! and those rash Men
Must all without Remorse be sacrific'd,
By this unhappy Turn of Fate.

Retire, my Lord, for if you stay, you're lost;
He has your Friends already in the Toyl.

Below the deep Foundations of this Mansion,

You know a spacious antique Cavern lies,

Through winding Mazes is the dark Access;

There you may rest secure, as in Earth's Center,

Till this rough Blast be o'er, safe from the Rage,

The dreadful Vengeance of Alberto's Fury.

CASTRUCHIO.

What! shall I live——live a poor abject Wretch,

And hide me in a Dungeon, to preserve

A Life I would not bear in willing Bondage.

DARDANIA.

Rash Man, consider——

All Hands! all Eyes! are lifted up to thee,

Imploring Help——Thou art their Guardian God;

Make good their Hopes, and save 'em in Distress:

And how can that be done, if thou dost fall

A Victim to a lawless Tyrant's Rage?

Forbid it, Heaven!

CASTRUCHIO.

O! I'm distracted——Counsel me some God!

Guide, Guide me thro' this Labyrinth of Woe.

DARDANIA.

Delay no longer——But retire in time.

This very Moment's all thou now hast left.

Shou'dst thou lose this, what will become of me?

I must be then the Prey of those curst Fiends,

Alberto and Ronveir.

CASTRUCHIO.

Horror and Confusion!

These Villains are the poisonous Spawn of Hell;

Oh name 'em not.

C

DAR-

10 **LOVE and LIBERTY.**

DARDANIA.

I must, I will—— Till I have put thy sad
Imagination on the Rack of Thinking.
Numberless Dangers circle us around,
And tell me, if thou can'st, how to avoid 'em?

CASTRUCHIO.

Distraction, Oh!——

DARDANIA.

When thou art gone
What Power can shield me from my certain Fate.
Or must I wander destitute of Hope,
In the wide Wast of Desolation,
And want a Guide to lead me through its Wiles.

CASTRUCHIO.

Come lead me to my shameful Grave of Fame,
Where I must bury Honour in Oblivion.
Like the bright Sun, thou shalt direct my Steps.

*In thee my troubled Soul shall find Repose,
And ev'n the Memory of Dishonour loose;
And lull'd on thy enchanting Bosom, prove
The sweetest Refuge of our Cares is Love.*

ACT.

LOVE and LIBERTY II

ACT II.

The SCENE drawn, discovers the King on a Throne, Martia next him, and surrounded with a Crowd of Courtiers, after the Entertainment is over, he rises and moves forward.

Enter a Man and Woman.

H E.

H Ark, Coelia! hear the gentle Boy,
Love bids thee save, and not destroy;
He vows Revenge, if still your Scorn,
Denies what I implore:
He swears, you laugh to see me mourn,
Hatred it self can do no more.

S H E.

Damon, no more, no more pursue me,
Lay aside thy subtle Art,
That vainly labours to undo me,
And betray my easy Heart.
What kind Woman e're believ'd,
That did not find her self deceiv'd,
Or when the Favour once was granted,
Show me the Nymph that ne're repented.

H E.

You'll never repent it,

S H E.

I'll ever deny.

H E.

I prithee, Love, grant it :

S H E.

No, no, no, not I

H E.

*Oh! did you know the Joy of possessing,**Oh! wou'd you but try it,**You'd ne're more deny it,**But wish to be ever repeating the Blessing :**Come, come, my Love,*

S H E.

Never, I swear.

H E

*Kill me with Raptures, not Despair,**After a Symphony—*

H E.

*Oh! Fly not, Coelia, when I woo thee,**Least the angry God undo thee.*

S H E.

*Oh! I must fly when e're you woo me,**Least the wanton God undo me.*

H E.

*Behold he comes with bended Bow,**And swears that you shall suffer too,**Just as you make poor Damon do.**Enter Cupid.*

C U P I D.

Just so, just so.

H E

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H E.

*Oh fly not Cœlia, &c.
Least the angry God, &c.*

S H E.

*Oh I must fly when, &c.
Least the wanton God, &c.*

} Both pointing,
and repeating

C U P I D.

*Ungrateful Cœlia, stubborn Fair,
Here take thy Fate, prepare, prepare :
As a Return of thy Disdain,
To love, and not be lov'd again.*

[Offering to shoot]

C O E L I A.

*Hold, Cupid, hold, thy Frowns remove,
Thou little, little Deity,
I yield my self thy Votary,
I yield, I yield to Love.
With equal Warmth I meet the Swain,
And mutual Joy prefer to mutual Pain.*

B O T H

Thus to great Love, we Homage pay.

C U P I D.

*Thus all living Things my Pow' er obey,
Whither in Seas, on Earth, or Air,
Love governs absolute every where.*

Grand Chorus.

*Thus to great Love we Homage pay,
Thus all living Things his Power obey,
Whither in Seas, in Earth, or Air,
Love governs absolute every where.*

Exeunt.

K I N G.

*Cease, cease, ye Slaves, these inharmonious Sounds,
They make eternal Discord in my Breast,
Not a Note more on Forfeit of your Lives,
What do you envy me a Moments Quiet ;
I'm surfeited with these luxurious Treats,*

And

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And my pall'd Nature can no more digest them :
My jaded Appetite feels not the Spur ;
Be gone, ye fawning Slaves——You *Martia* stay.

[*Exeunt* Courtiers.

In thee my Daughter solid Joy seems fix'd ;
Do thou by virtuous Deeds redeem my Fame,
And blest the Age to come by reigning well ;
By Justice sweeten thou my Memory.

MARTIA.

My Royal Father, may I never see
That Day of Trouble,—— I can never rule,
And struggle with the Cares that load a Crown.

KING.

Take heed, my Child, and hold a steady Rein,
Or else that many-headed Monster *Faction*,
Will wrest thy Power from thy tender Hand :
Then wilt thou tumble like that heedless Youth,
Whose feeble Hands, unequal to his Charge,
Govern'd with awkward Sway his Father's Light,
And sunk beneath the Task *Ambition* sought.

MARTIA.

'Tis dangerous, Sir——
I hope the Gods will never trust me with it !

KING.

'Tis a fine Prospect, *Martia* ! but when near,
A Desert full of Thorns, and pricking Cares.
Now leave me : I would retire within my self,
And with my gloomy Soul commune alone.

[*Exit Martia.*

——Where shall I fly——

This Palsy of the Conscience shakes my Soul ;
And, like an Earthquake, tears my Rest in pieces :
But I am in, and what was got with Blood,
Must be by Blood and Cruelty maintain'd :
And tho' this Life's a Hell on Earth, I dread
A worse hereafter——*Hah ! Ronveit !* [Enter Ronveit.

Wel-

LOVE and LIBERTY 15

Welcome thou best of Friends, and best of Subjects !
Oh ! I was on the Rack of *Gnawing Terror*,
And thou art come, my kind Physician, thou,
To still this raging Conflict of my Mind—
I see Joy sparkle in thy Eyes—Speak, I conjure thee,
Tell me, my *Ronveir*, what hast thou discover'd ?

R O N V E I R.

All you could wish, the Plot and the Contrivers.

K I N G.

Thou golden Plumet, by whose Means I found
The Depths and Shallows of my Enemies.
Is *Castruchio* one? —

R O N V E I R.

He? He's the Head of all—
The Master Workman of the dark Contrivance,
That modell'd both the Platform and the Structure.

K I N G.

Hast thou secur'd that hellish Engineer?

R O N V E I R.

Your Guards
With watchful Care surrounded all the House,
Not one escap'd us but *Castruchio*;
And notwithstanding all my Policy,
That artful Traytor shunn'd the specious Bait,
The rest are Pris'ners—He alone is fled.

K I N G.

Death! He escap'd—That Villain is my Horror.
Ronveir! He rivals me in Love and Empire.
My Subjects doat upon the popular Slave:
I'm an unanimated marble King,
Pedestall'd on a Throne as Statues are,
And like them only gaz'd at, not regarded!
Dardania too flies with Contempt my Passion,
And carefully avoids my loath'd Addresses.
What's Empire, Power, Glory, Scepters, All,
A lifeless Shadow—Dream of real Greatness,

When

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When every Slave finds Means to elude my Vengeance,
And a relentless Beauty scorns my Love.

R O N V E I R.

And is *Dardania* then so fix'd, my Lord,
So rooted in your Soul! she grows a part of you:
That luckless Passion blasts our budding Hopes,
And oh! the Lover has undone the King.

K I N G.

I love her more than Hero's Arms or Glory.
Plac'd in my Heart I find the precious Gem,
Her Brilliant Image plays with Lustre there!
Set round with Darts, and Flames, and Golden Joys:
And all the Beauties of the World beside,
To me appear but Foils to set her off.

R O N V E I R.

Yet she, this lovely, beautiful *Dardania*!
Is the curs'd *Circe*, lures you to your Fate;
A Sorceress that bewitches you to Ruin.
Rouze up your old *Italian* native Rage,
And melt not your Revenge in shameful Pity,
For love of that insipid Play-thing, WOMAN.

K I N G.

O were it not for this fond Frailty, Love,
I might appear all Rage—glut my Revenge,
And use the Power I bear—But curs'd *Castruchio*!

R O N V E I R.

Is shielded from your Rage by this Enchantress:
Nor while that darling of her Wishes lives,
Can you be safe or happy—

K I N G.

By Fame, and all the Dangers I have pass'd,
Thou hast rouz'd me from th' inglorious Lethargy
Of Love--- And my Heart swells with Rage and Vengeance.

R O N V E I R.

Ay, now you look the King!
Methinks this God-like Terror well becomes you!

Dardania

LOVE and LIBERTY. 17

Dardania is secur'd by my Directions,
And guarded, waits without to know your Pleasure;
Make her discover where *Castruchio*'s hid,
And drag him forth to Justice.

KING.

Bring her before me strait, and let us see
With what Assurance she can yet conceal him.

[Exit Ronveir.

KING solus.

An Hecatomb of Souls shall make Atonement
For this curst Slave's Escape——
And for *Dardania*, if she still be obstinate,
Rage shall expell the soft wing'd downy God,
Deface her once lov'd Image in my Heart,
And minister Revenge implacable.

Enter Ronveir with Dardania, Guards and Attendants.

She's here——I feel my Resolution stagger,
I shall again relapse, and be a Coward.

How comes it, Fair—— that with unwearied Hate,
You persecute me to the Verge of Death:
Is it for that my sawcy Passion hop'd,
By Obligations, to deserve those Joys,
My Power had given me leave to seize by Force!

DARDANIA.

I think it the severest Stroke of Fate,
And I am curs'd, in being lov'd by thee.

KING.

Relentless Fair! You know too well your Power,
And think I dare not execute my Vengeance,
Yet still be cautious how you raise that Spark,
Which kindled once, may cause devouring Flames,
Whose Rage you won't have the Power to stop.

D

DAR.

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DARDANIA.

Then I shall fall a Martyr to sweet Virtue,
And mount on the aspiring Fires to Heaven.

KING.

—Obstinate Fool—— to pawn the present Good
For the uncertain future——

DARDANIA.

Ill counsell'd Monarch—— to believe *Dardania*
Wou'd sell that bright Inheritance, her Honour,
For what thy bauble gewgaw Crown cou'd give.

KING.

Where? where's thy Husband, that audacious Traytor;
Give, give him to my Rage, or thou shalt feel it,
That God-like Passion, Rage, reigns Lord within;
Nor am I now, that easy Fool I was.

DARDANIA.

Know, Tyrant, I despise thee and thy Power.

KING.

Thou shalt be rackt, Torments shall force the Secret.

DARDANIA.

Then thou shalt see with what heroick Constancy,
With more than Roman Fortitude I'll suffer,
And might but one poor Murmur, but a Groan,
Forc'd from my Soul by agonizing Pain,
Redeem this Sentence, by Heaven, I wou'd not give it;
I'll fall a willing Sacrifice to Honour,
Without the least expressive Sign of Sorrow.

KING.

Honour, what is it? but an empty Sound,
That leads you by false Hopes to waking Dreams;
A Phantom, that eludes your greedy Arms,
And feeds your Pride alone, to starve your Pleasure,
An Idol, a vain Rattle, a blab Echo.

[*She smiles.*]

By Heaven, she trifles——she derides my Threats;
Thus then I fling off all that foolish Softness,
That weaken'd my Resolves, and sunk my Fury,

Let

LOVE and LIBERTY. 19

Let loose Destruction——Take her hence, ye Slaves,
And let her bear the subtlest artful Tortures,
That Hell e're ministred, or Tyranny invented.

Enter Castruchio.

CASTRUCHIO.

——Hold——hold——preserve the Innocent.
Behold the Wretch deserves your Cruelty.
Stella inform'd me of the shocking News,
And fearing what the Tyrant's Rage might offer,
To guard thy Life, I flew to lose my own.

DARDANIA.

Oh blasting fatal Sight to all my Hopes.

[Swoons in Castruchio's Arms.]

CASTRUCHIO.

Look up, my Fair, and see how thou art encircled,
Ardent Love folds thee in his fiery Arms,
Warms thee to Bliss, and saves thee from the Grave.

DARDANIA.

——Cruel *Castruchio*!

Why do you study new found Tortures for me;
Why bring me Life thro' dismal Shades of Death.
Inexorable Destiny, my Lord,
Now seizes both, nor must we hope for Mercy:

KING.

Secure that Traytor, Guards, to a Dungeon with him.

[The Guards seize Castruchio.]

CASTRUCHIO.

Tyrant, I neither hop'd, nor wish'd thy Mercy!
And since all powerful Heaven, by disappointing
The glorious Scheme we had form'd for Liberty,
Seem'd to pronounce the Measure of our Woes
Not yet compleat——I willingly submit.
Here I resign me to thy Fury, Tyrant,

Here, satisfy thy craving Thirst of Blood,
But spare *Dardania*—

KING.

I take thee at thy Word :
Oh ! thou hast amply made me Satisfaction,
Nor can I wish further Revenge than this.

DARDANIA.

Oh ! Mercy, gentle Prince, have Mercy now,
And you shall see the mighty Power of Love :
O Royal Sir, if you did ever feel
That generous Passion——think what I endure,
And let your Pity ease my throbbing Soul.

KING.

Tortures and Death——
Slaves, do your Office, drag the Traytor hence.

DARDANIA.

[Embracing *Castruchio*.

Then thus I'll cling to my remaining Hope,
Embrace and circle thee i'th' Arms of Death,
As shipwreck'd Men hang round a floating Plank,
The dear, last, only Refuge they have left.

CASTRUCHIO.

With the same Ardour let me hold thee fast,
Thus grasp the precious Casket, that contain'd
My Soul's best Treasure, plunge thro' the guilty World,
Buffet its Storms, and guard thee from Destruction.

KING.

Insensible Slaves ! cut them asunder.

DARDANIA.

——Inhumane Monster !

KING.

Part them, or by my Soul's just Rage,
I'll give you instant Death.

[*Castruchio* dragg'd off.

DAR-

LOVE and LIBERTY. 21

DARDANIA.

Now Curfes

Horrid and black as are thy Crimes o'ertake thee!

R O N V E L R.

Have Patience, Madam, there is Mercy yet.

DARDANIA.

I'm given up to Misery, undone for ever!

Dardania is of Gods and Men forsaken!

Sure all ill Planets at my Birth combin'd,

To shed their baleful Influence on my Head

While the auspicious Signs their Aspects vail'd,

And so denoted that they must not yield

One Beam of Joy my coming Hours to gild.

K I N G.

Yet, Madam, there are Joys in Store for you,
'Tis in your Power to give *Castruchio* Life:

Behold a slighted Monarch at your Feet;

See, Madam, see what Change the winged Boy

Has made; and if you feel his Power, pity me:

The raging Deity revels in my Veins!

Foments Desire, and swells me into Rapture.

Oh, I'm all Misery! Doubts! Hopes! Despair!

See with what Agony he shakes my Bosom:

Yield, yield to my Embraces, and I'll give thee Empire,

Give thy *Castruchio* Freedom—every Wish,

Wou'd you but love, *Dardania*.

DARDANIA.

Yes, I do love.

K I N G.

Ha! go on—bewitching Tempter.

DARDANIA.

I glow, I burn with chaste refulgent Beams,
Which warm in spite of all Impediments,

And

22 LOVE and LIBERTY.

And blaze in Air with pure ethereal Light.
 Oh my *Castruchio* ! how in my Heart he reigns,
 And fills my Bosom with Connubial Love,
 Thus tho eternal Fate has parted us,
 Our Souls shall never, never disunite.
 Wretched *Castruchio*, most distress'd of Men,
 Of the most belov'd———If I am deny'd
 To live with him ; Gods, let me perish with him !

K I N G.

Ha! Traytres———
 Know, that to trifle with thy Sovereign, is
 To play with Lightning—thy imperious Beauty,
 Spight of thy Pride, shall melt before the Flame
 Of my consuming Love———for from my Arms,
 Nothing but Death, immediate Death, shall free thee.

D A R D A N I A.

Eternal Powers have Mercy :
 Oh you just Gods, can you behold this Wrong
 With equal Eyes———

K I N G.

Perverse fantastick Fool !
 Thus let me force thee to thy Satisfaction :
 Now take your Choice.

[Holds up a Dagger.]

D A R D A N I A.

From that kind charitable Hand I beg Relief,
 Quick, bury in this Breast that welcome Ponyard,
 And add no more to my heap'd Misery.

K I N G.

Oh Hecate of thy Sex !
 Thou hast a Spell, a magick Charm about thee,
 That thus disarms Rage in its wildest Form,
 And softens Cruelty to infant Mildness.

What

LOVE and LIBERTY 23

What must we do, *Ronveir*?

[Turning to *Ronveir*.
My Life depends upon't, I must enjoy her.

R O N V E I R.

You may———

But you must take another Method, Sir;
Women are proud, and full of Contradiction,
They love to rein a Lover to their Will,
Lead him in Chains, and triumph in the Victory.
The way to gain a Woman, is, to cringe,
To flatter, fawn, and idolize her Charms,
Puff her with Pride, and praise her to her Ruin.

K I N G.

O! thy unhappy Prince finds it too true.

R O N V E I R.

My Lord, they are all vain, untoward, positive,
Nice in their Dress, their Fashions, Mien and Manners,
But solid Good they throw neglected by,
As a vile thing beneath their Sexes Use,
And then they are so insufferably rash,
That shou'd you thwart or force their Inclinations,
No savage Brute can be more mischievous,
For the prime Charter of their Nature's Obstinacy,
And the Word (*because*) their ablest Reason,
And therefore wou'd you, Sir, possess with Pleasure,
Wait till this Passion ebbs, and she'll dissolve,
Sink in your Arms, and court you to Enjoyment.

K I N G.

It shall be so.

[Turning to *Dardania*.

Madam, If you have Goodness to forgive
The violent Sallies of a feverish Madman,
When the kind Interval of Sense returns,
Your future Treatment, and my Penitence,
Shall wipe away the Stains this Hour has caus'd.
Consider who I am——weigh well the Effects

Of

Of a rejected Love-sick Monarchs Rage :
 Place in the adverse Scale, the boundless Joys
 Empire and Power unlimited can bestow.
 You're Mistress of your Fate, as you pronounce,
 So Happiness or Misery attends you
 Both in Extreame, and both inevitable.
 Within there——Rinaldo——
 Lead her to an Appartment fitting her Quality,
 And be it your Care,
 That no Diversion to relieve her Sorrows,
 Or Diligence to please her, be neglected.

DARDANIA.

What will good Heaven do with me ?

[Exeunt Dardania
 and Rinaldo.]

KING.

Love and Revenge rule with alternate Sway,
 My Breast, the struggling Passions force their Way,
 And I, the Royal Captive, both obey.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT.

ACT III

An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Martia and Camilla.

MARTIA.

O H Love!

How vainly have I struggl'd with thy Power!
Thy Fires are inextinguishable grown,
And now this wayward inauspicious Night,
Confirms that Conquest thou hast long design'd,
Castruchio's Danger rends my Heart asunder,
And thus too late I find I love him more,
Than Duty, Life or Fame; the fatal Guest
For ever robs my Bosom of its Rest.

CAMILLA.

Madam, dislodge the Enemy!

MARTIA.

Dislodge him!

Impossible——I tell thee he commands
In chief my Soul, and lords it like a Victor;
And when I beat but an Alarm, all
The gentle Powers of Love desert to him.
Oh Martia! Where is all thy boasted Greatness?
That haughty Spirit, which was wont to bear
Its towering Thoughts to the sublimest Height,
Now humbled by the little Tyrant Love.

CAMILLA.

Yes, Madam, sunk to a most degenerate Passion,
Is't possible that you can love a Parricide?
And can you join against your Father,
And doat upon his Enemy?
For Heaven——for Nature's Sake,

E

For

26 LOVE and LIBERTY.

Forget this shameful unbecoming Weakness,
Not worthy of the meanest Subject.

MARTIA.

Silence thy sawcy Counsel,
And streight devise some speedy Remedy,
To interpose and check the growing Danger,
Which threatens like a lowring Tempest both;
My Faculties are all benum'd with Fear,
And want the Power to act.

CAMILLA.

Can I instruct you when your Reason's fled,
Can I divert a Passion so intent
Upon its own Destruction?

MARTIA.

Why dost thou wreck me with thy dull Delay?
Castruchio is this Minute doom'd to Death:
For ought we know then, all our Hopes are gone.;
Oh my Camilla! If thou e're didst love,
The wretched Martia, quick contrive some Means
This Horror to prevent.

CAMILLA.

Restore your Reason to its pristine State,
Let that direct you in the darksome Path,
Whither your Soul is fled—

MARTIA.

I love to that Degree,
I know not what it means.
Reason's a feeble, dull, laborious Beast,
That never leaves the Track, nor mends his Pace,
But Love's a Courser fiery and swift, which
No Bitt can manage till h'as gain'd the Goal.
Therefore conclude—

CAMILLA. On what—

MARTIA.

—On some Relief
For him I love! Oh Castruchio! Thou

Once

Once preserv'd, freed from th' impending Stroke
That threatens thee with Death! what further
Joys might I not hope for? Oh *Camilla*!
Give me some Comfort! —

C A M I L L A.

— Could you procure
Your Father's Royal Signet, and by Stealth,
This Night convey him out of *Naples* safe.

M A R T I A.

Oh lucky Thought! Then let us fly, *Camilla*,
Swift as Occasion, or a Lover's Wishes,
To save that God-like Man— And oh ye Heaven's prevent,
A Father's hard inexorable Fury.
Let Myriads of Afflictions fall on me,
I'll bear the Weight with Joy, to set him free.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Ronveir alone.

R O N V I E R.

Was ever such a sudden Turn of Mischief?
Alphonso and those Slaves, by some curs'd Stratagem,
Have by their Jaylor's Death their own prevented,
And scap'd *Alberto's* Fury—All goes wrong;
Dardania's fatal Beauty rends my Breast,
My Caution to divert the Tyrant's Passion,
Wholly employs my Thoughts, all other Cares
Of State, of Empire, and of Preservation,
Yield to the mightier Call of powerful Love:
Oh! he's a subtle, a fantastick God,
And can to any Form his Likeness change,
My tough old Heart is burnt by her bright Charms,
Again *Dardania* swells my shrinking Sinews,
And every Fibre beats with thrilling Anguish,
A Curse upon his doating Love-sick Brain,
The King, the furious King she has inflam'd,
Death to my Hopes, that cuts Imagination,

And makes my terror'd Expectation dread
The wild Excurſions of the hot-brain'd Tyrant.

[Enter Dardania.]

Now I muſt counter-work my own Deſigns.

DARDANIA.

Oh you too rigid Powers! was ever Wretch
Like me the Sport of Chance?

RONVEIR.

————— Take Comfort, Madam —————

I am your Oracle ————— your better Genius,
To bring you Blifs, and chaſe theſe Tears away.

DARDANIA.

Art thou then there, thou Miniſter of Darkneſs,
I know thee, thou art Pluto's Orator,
And comeſt to lure me onwards to Perdition.

RONVEIR.

Say, Madam, to your Preſervation rather:

DARDANIA.

And am I then ſo curs'd, to owe to thee
A Bleſſing —————

RONVEIR.

Think on the Loſs of all that's dear on Earth
Your native Honour and Caſtruchio's Life.

DARDANIA.

Hence, Flatterer, hence thou deteſted Pandar.

RONVEIR.

How, Madam?

DARDANIA.

A Midnight Emiſſary, that broods Deſpair,
And nurſes Ruin to a great Perfection.

RONVEIR.

By Heaven, you wrong me, fair One,
I come to warn you of approaching Ill,
Before three Hours expire, you muſt indulge
The ſenſual Joy of the infatiate King.

DAR.

DARDANIA. Avert it, Gods—There Fate
Discharg'd its keenest Arrow on my Soul :
What yet untasted Miseries am I doom'd to ?
Did the King send you ?

RONVEIR. He did.

DARDANIA.
Then I am lost beyond the Reach of Hope.
Let every Hour of my sad irksome Life
Accumulated Plagues endure—Want, Scorn,
Pride, Sickness, and the Height of Desperation,
Pursue me with alternate Strokes of Justice.
Blast all the Lustre of these Eyes with Blindness,
Furrow the Lines of this ill fated Face,
Till it become as wrinkled and deform'd
As Envy, Age, Despair or Death can make it,
Let me all these, or worse Afflictions bear :
But oh divert, you Gods, the impending Storm,
That threatens Violation of my Honour.

RONVEIR.

Compose your self, bright Excellence, there's yet
A way to save you from the Tyrant's Lust.

DARDANIA.

—Speak, my good Genius ;
Go on ; I do conjure thee, say the Means,
And I'll forget thy former Treachery ;
Pardon thy Crimes and Insolencies past,
Give the calumniating World the Lie,
And for this one good Deed I'll swear thee honest.

RONVEIR.

—I will preserve you, save you still from Fate,
To bless me for your kind Deliverer.

DARDANIA.

Say how ?
Repeat the only Virtue that thy Soul

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Could ever boast, speak it aloud, *Ronveir*,
Till Heaven and Earth with the glad Accents ring,
And ye resounding Orbs in Consort join
To praise thee for this wondrous Act of Goodness.

R O N V E I R.

— No more Encomiums, Madam,
Virtue's its own Reward — And that be mine;
You stand upon a Mountain's giddy Ridge,
If either way you leap, 'tis certain Ruin;
Then let not your ungenerous Distrust
Refuse that Hand wou'd guide you into Safety.
Let some remote Part of the Royal Palace
Be for a while your Prison, there conceal'd
You may avoid *Alberto's* fatal Love;
I will amuse the King, tell him you're fled,
Or rescu'd from my Care by Violence,
Then wait a grateful Opportunity,
To free your Lord, and give you to his Arms.

D A R D A N I A.

— That Thought
Has damp'd the Risings of my unfledg'd Joy,
Coud'st thou preserve, my Lord, thy Glory then
Wou'd in bright Wreaths of Virtue reach the Skys,
And like *Cæcilia's* powerful Harmony,
Draw Angels from their high Cœlestial Thrones,
To deck thy Brows with Immortality.

Ronveir leads Dardania in, and returns.

R O N V E I R solus.

'Tis done, I have her now securely mine,
Her Charms I feel, as early Flowers the Sun
Invigorate and thaw my Icy Veins,
The flowing Blood warms with young Fires my Heart,
And reassumes its long forsaken Seat.
This is a beauteous an-immortal Feast,

Jove

Jove might transform himself once more to tast,
Neglected, leave his Heaven again, to prove
The more extatick Joy of mortal Love.

[Exit Ronyeir.

Enter Martia and Camilla.

MARTIA.

Whither will Love lead my misguided Heart;
How rashly I embarck in a Design
For which the Gods and all good Men will blame me.
Where will this end?—free him I must, and will,
And have procur'd the Means.
'Tis insupportable to fear his Death,
How then would the inhuman Deed distract me?
But shall I save *Castruchio* for my Rival?
I know he loves her with unbounded Passion,
Regardless of my Pains, he'll find some way
(Perhaps by the Destruction of my Father)
To shield that hated Fair from Violation,
Then turn me off to Infamy and Scorn,
While all their future Hours securely waft,
Bless'd in the Benefit of *Martia's* Crime.

CAMILLA.

Unhappy Princess!

MARTIA.

Invention's on the Rack, and must remain
For ever so, or think on some Contrivance,
To make this Robber of my Quiet mine.
Vain are my Hopes, all my Endeavours vain,
I cannot form a Thought to comfort me
With the least flattering Prospect of Success,
Oh my distracted Soul! Aid me, *Camilla*,
Sooth me with some kind Probability
Of brighter View, or I'm undone for ever.

C A.

CAMILLA

— Since 'tis impossible —

MARTIA

Impossible indeed to live without him,
 If ever I deserv'd thy Care, *Camilla*,
 If thou regard'st thy Mistress's Pray'rs and Tears,
 And woud'st preserve her from the lowest Misery
 That ever Wretch, curs'd by ill Stars, was doom'd to,
 Tell me which Way, what Arts are to be us'd
 To make me happy —

CAMILLA

If you woud moderate this Excess of Passion,
 And calmly listen to your faithful Servant,
 Some Hopes there are —

MARTIA

— My better Angel, thou
 That chearest me with the sweetest Melody
 That ever charm'd a dying Love-sick Maid,
 Go on —

CAMILLA

— Some Hopes I say there are, but they depend
 On Fortunes wav'ring Smiles, Fortune must crown em
 You know *Dardania* lives your Father's Soul,
 Who languishes and dies for her Embraces;
 His furious Temper woud not long endure
 The restless Pain of a despairing Passion,
 But urge him in few Days to seize by Force
 What she denies to supplicating Love.
 Her Death may be the fatal Consequence,
 Or if she lives, her violated Beauty,
 Unworthy of *Castratio's* Arms, must cause
 A lasting Separation — One thing more remains,
 You must deceive *Castratio*
 With a feign'd Story of her Rape or Death,
 And as a Recompense of Liberty,

Which

Which you bestow (then urging high your Love)
Propose to join his Hand in sacred Wedlock,
Eager for Freedom, which alone can give
Means to revenge his Wrongs upon the King,
And press'd by Gratitude, 'tis probable
He may compleat your Wish—I dread th' Event.
But there's no other way, and Heaven befriend it.

MARTIA.

Oh! my *Camilla*! had I but the Power
To thank thee as I ought, what Eloquence
Wou'd flow from my inimitable Tongue:
Or were I to reward thee to thy Merits,
I must be more than mortal; all the Blessings
That ever Fortune's Favourites receiv'd,
Be doubled on thee, for this grateful Thought
On then, my Soul!
Let the Prophetic Counsel of *Camilla*
Arm and inspire thee with a daring Courage,
Of thy ill boading Fears, the Memory loose,
And break thro' all the Dangers that oppose,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Prison.

Castruchio in Chains.

CASTRUCHIO.

All ye mute Race to Heavens Decrees submit,
And Pain, or Ease, contentedly endure,
Nor murmur they, nor wish for Dissolution;
The generous Horse obeys the Rider's Rein,
And chearful Birds in their wir'd Prisons sing,
Man, Man alone—that grumbling Brute of Sence,
Still think himself accurs'd in every Station,

F

Rea-

Reason, the Badge of our Humanity,
 Is Misery's dire Scourge——I taste that Scorpion's Sting,
 Oh curs'd Reflection!——Hapless *Dardania*,
 Perhaps ev'n now that lovely spotless Creature,
 Is made the sportful Drudge of his rank Hours,
 Oh give me Patience, Gods!——
 The lustful Monster riots in her Charms,
 And see the violated Matron now,
 In Tears of Blood bewails her fully'd Honour,
 And I must tamely bear this Load of Shame;
 Too rigid Fate! It cannot, must not be;
 No, let me tear my labouring Breast in Pieces,
 Then dash my Heart against the stony Pavement,
 And give the Wing to my imprison'd Soul.

Enter Martia and Camilla.

MARTIA.

Where is this Hero, whose undaunted Virtue
 Seems like the Palm to flourish under Weight,
 A Soul so temper'd for the Assaults of Fortune,
 Her Smiles could never lull him into Vice,
 Nor her Frowns stagger his intrepid Courage.

CASTRUCHIO.

Ha! *Martia* here!——sure that proud Beauty comes not
 Ingloriously t' insult a Wretch in Chains,
 And take her full Amends for slighted Love;
 Alas, Fate has been much before-hand with her,
 And I'm below the Curse of Pity now,
 Yet what remains unfinish'd, say you Gods!
 What further Miseries have you in store?

MARTIA.

Our Life is Shade and Sunshine, Troubles, Pleasures,
 Fortune, Misfortune, Sickness, Health, Grief, Joy,
 Succeed each other with unwearied Steps,
 And the alternate Change fresh Vigour gives,

New

New Pleasures to the Sense;
But when too cruel Fate seems to have fix'd
Virtue like yours, the constant Mark of Vengeance,
All generous Souls as near ally'd or nearer,
Must pity and condole their Fellows Sufferings.

CASTRUCHIO.

So this Profusion of your Goodness, Madam,
Serves only, that for this faint Gleam of Light,
I shall more exquisitely taste my Sorrows,
It rouses my lethargick Memory,
And wakes my endless cruel Torturer:
Alas, I'm wedded to Misfortune, grown
Familiar with my Fate.

MARTIA.

Suppose I more than pity'd you, *Castruchio*;
Suppose your Life and Liberty should both
At once be frankly offer'd, the Gift
Would be well worth receiving; wou'd it not?

CASTRUCHIO.

Indulge not, Madam, my expiring Hope,
Revive it not, for when that Flatterer dies,
I shall be nothing, and at Ease.

MARTIA.

You wou'd not think your self too much oblig'd,
To pay a trifling Ransom for your Freedom,
Within there—who waits?

[Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

What would your Highness?

MARTIA.

Unbolt your Prisoner;
Hah, starts the Slave!—See my Authority.

[Shows the Royal Signet, and
he unbolts *Castruchio*.

CASTRUCHIO.

Eternal Mercy with unwearied Wings,

36 LOVE and LIBERTY.

Still meeting in a Circle crown your Years,
And bless you for this generous Act of Goodness.

MARTIA.

That's in your Power to grant.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh name it,
And I will fly to execute your Orders,
Or may this Arm ne'er right my Injuries,
Oh my glad Heart impatiently desires
To know a little how it may discharge
Its new Engagement——

MARTIA.

That Heart, *Castruchio*, is the Recompence,
That Heart, which like a Rock of Adamant,
Hath stood all Shocks of Fate, and Blasts of Fortune,
That Heart I love, admire, and doat upon.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh my unhappy Stars, I have it not to give,
Alas, my Wife——

MARTIA.

She has not carry'd with her to the Grave
Your Love.

CASTRUCHIO.

——Hold *Martia*——hold——
What Earthquake shakes my Soul?——said you my Wife

MARTIA.

I say the Dead enjoy eternal Peace,
And thou art free from every Obligation.

CASTRUCHIO.

There broke the Strings of Life ;
She has out-done me, reach'd the Goal of Fate,
And I the Coward, base *Castruchio*,
Tremble and lag at the last Heat of Life.
But say——pierce my tormented, dying Ears,
With the sad Sounds ; how did she meet her Fate ?

MAR-

LOVE and LIBERTY. 37

MARTIA.

To save inviolate her Chastity
From my unhappy Father's lawless Passion,
She plung'd a Ponyard in her spotless Bosom.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh! glorious End of unexampled Honour!
Yes she shall rise, rise to eternal Glory,
Whiles the hot Letcher burns in livid Sulphur,
Revenge will over-take him.
Give me my Chains again, I'll not receive
Inglorious Liberty from any Branch,
Of that accursed Tree——Die first Revenge,
And let *Dardania's* Ghost still wander
Unappeas'd——

MARTIA.

Would you avoid your Obligations thus?
I had no Hand, my Lord, in your Confinement,
Nor was I Cause of her unhappy Fate:
Have I for you forgot ev'n Nature's Law,
Forsook my Father, Honour, Glory, Fame,
Given the severest Proof of pure Affection;
And for a generous Return, this Hero,
This Demi-God, whom *Naples* doats upon,
Most gratefully rewards me with his Hate,
Leaves me to Shame, to Wretchedness, and Want.

CASTRUCHIO.

To what a Heighth of Misery am I wrought,
Misfortunes come so thick, no Shield can ward 'em,
I have no Power to give thee Misery,
And equally deny'd to makethee happy.

MARTIA.

I ask you nothing but your Love, *Castruchio*,
Let *Hymen* light his Torch, and join us ever.

CASTRUCHIO.

Hah! Know you what you ask?
I bear this hated Life but till I tear

Thy

LOVE and LIBERTY.

Thy curs'd licentious Father from his Throne,
Then strike him to the Center, shrink my self
Into my Tomb, and follow my *Dardania*.

MARTIA.

I'll wean thee from thy Cares with my Indulgence,
Fidelity, and ever-living Love,
Shall blot the Memory of whose I was;
And quite expunge *Alberto's* Injuries,
Nor shou'd thy own *Dardania* merit more.

CASTRUCHIO.

Unhappy Maid! My Heart is all a wild,
A barren Soil, o'er-grown with Weeds and Cares,
Thou know'st the Blight has been abroad—Thy Father.

MARTIA.

Have I not lost him?

Disown'd him all, I've shun'd even Glory for thee,
That dazzling Tempter of my Sex, Ambition,
Stir'd not my weak, my Womanish Resolves,
Love in the adverse Ballance weigh'd down all.

CASTRUCHIO.

Ill fated Virgin, curs'd to love a Wretch,
Whom every God pursues with hoarded Plagues,
Thou may'st be warn'd by my *Dardania's* Fate,
That Innocence, nor Virtue are Secure
From partial Destiny's unerring Hand,
Thy Father's Justice must o're-take thy Folly,
And too severely punish thy Misfortune.

MARTIA.

Why dost thou vainly plead? why idly hope
To fright my Resolution with weak Reason?
Is there a Torture like despairing Love?
What is a Father's Rage? Alas, *Castruchio*;
A burning Fever preys upon my Vitals.

CASTRUCHIO.

There are a thousand happy blooming Youths
Not worn with Cares, nor wrinkled with Misfortunes,

Whom

Whom the hard Hand of Misery ne're grip'd,
That would with mutual Transports meet your Arms :
Sorrow, that fatal Winter, has benum'd,
And with her Icy Fingers froze my Blood.

MARTIA.

Then in these Arms let your Misfortunes vanish,
As Sol's bright genial Rays melt the cold Blood,
I'll warm you into Youth ; the stagnate Pool
Shall circulate, and every Artery
Feel the enlivening Heat—their Cares that cloud
Your Brows, shall fly like Mists before the Rays,
The influencing Rays of Love and Beauty.

CASTRUCHIO.

Love, Honour, Gratitude, and Godlike Vengeance,
Swell my big Heart, rend my distracted Soul.

———Oh *Martia* ! whither am I going ?

MARTIA.

To a new Heaven of Love, to lasting Joys,
After a miserable Scene of Woe,
To taste the sweet Reward of suffering Virtue.

CASTRUCHIO.

I'm drawn into an Obligation thus,
And pay the Forfeit of my Life and Freedom,
My Country's Wounds still bleed, *Dardania* too
Unreveng'd, but I've bid high for both.

*With Loss of Freedom Liberty I gain,
And only change my Prison, not my Chain.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE the Cittadel.

Enter King, Ronveir, Attendants and Guards.

KING.

Audacious Villains ! to attempt my Life,
Surrounded by my Guards, and yet escape !
Oh ! give me Patience, Gods ! was ever Man
So serv'd with dastard, heartless Slaves as I am !

RONVEIR.

The Executioner should have secur'd 'em,
Then they had never thus endanger'd, Sir,
Your sacred Life——You have been too gentle.

KING.

You have been too negligent,
Else wherefore is this Life, the Life of *Naples*,
No better guarded from insulting Foes :
Those Traytors I had secur'd within my Power,
Destin'd to Vengeance ; are from Justice fled,
And meditating Means to work my Ruin :
All their Efforts are vain ! would but the Powers
Melt this bewitching Beauty into Softness,
Blest with the Charms of that consenting Goddess,
No mortal Hand could dash my solid Joys
With the least Mixture of Uneasiness.

But say, *Ronveir*——
How bears that stubborn, that disdainful Fair,
Our last, our final Resolution :
Will she comply, or must I seize my Prey.

RON-

LOVE and LIBERTY. 41

R O N V E I R.

Great Sir, I dread to tell what you must hear,
Solliciting your Suit this Evening on the Terras,
Her vigorous Vertue still rejecting all
That I could urge in your behalf, call'd out
For Heaven's Assistance, deprecating Vengeance,
And imploring Mercy——when streight
Two Ruffians masqu'd came on me unawares;
Seiz'd on their Prize, and quickly bore her off,
Leaving me bound upon the Place,
Till the Foot-Guards upon their first Patrole,
Came by, and set me free.

K I N G. Confusion blast 'em!
But didst thou not pursue?

R O N V E I R.

I did, but all too late, for none cou'd tell
Which way they went, from Street to Street
I rov'd, but all in vain, no Footsteps cou'd I trace:
So hasten'd to your Royal Palace, there t' inform
Your Majesty of what had past; nor let, great Sir,
What I relate give loose to boundless Rage,
Since what remains will add to your Surprize,
And strike your Soul with Horror!
Castruchio is escap'd——the Princess *Martia*
By your Royal Signet got his Enlargement,
Then fled confus'dly with him.

K I N G.

Thou ly'st! decrepid, old and spiritless Dotard.

R O N V E I R. My Lord.

K I N G. Villain, Traytor.

R O N V E I R.

I will deserve those Names, Traytor,
Or else Perdition seize me. [Aside.]

K I N G.

Ha!

Does the ungrateful *Martia* seek my Fall,

G

Whom

42 LOVE and LIBERTY.

Whom I have cherish'd with paternal Care,
 And lov'd beyond a doating Father's Fondness;
 And is *Dardania* snatch'd from my Embraces!
 Fortune has done her worst, the angry Gods,
 With envious Eyes my Grandeur have beheld,
 And send this double Bolt upon my Head,
 To dash my Glories, and confound my Hopes:
 Yet to the last I will exert the Monarch,
 Face boldly these malignant Frowns of Fate.
Ronveir—set forth by Proclamation streight,
 That whosoever brings *Dardania* to me,
 And the false *Martia*—shall for each Soul receive
 Ten thousands Crowns, with Honours and Preferment.
 Let *Martia* fall a Victim to Revenge,
 And fair *Dardania* quench my thirty Love,
 The Business of my Life is at an End,
 Then act your Pleasure, Gods, I'm ready for you.

[Going.

Enter Rinaldo.

KING.

Your Business, Slave—

RINALDO.

The People, Sir, are up in Arms, *Alphonso* heads 'em,
 They flock in Numbers from all Quarters to him;
 And more t' enflame Rebellion, there's a Rumor,
 That young *Ascanio* is this Day return'd
 From Banishment, with Troops to their Assistance.
 With formidable Noise they threaten Ruin;
 And cry, down, down with the usurping Tyrant,
Ascanio is the lawful Heir of *Naples*.

KING.

Give Orders that our Guards be doubled,
 Draw up the Castle-Bridge, and man our Walls:
 'Gainst this rebellious Town, level the Ord'nance,
 For if *Alberto* fall, *Naples* shall share
 His Fate, and curse her sinking Monarch's Ruin.

[Exit King with Attendants.

Ma-

LOVE and LIBERTY.

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Manent Ronveir and Rinaldo.

RONVEIR.

Was it for this? that I have toil'd, to keep
This tott'ring Monarch on his ill built Throne,
Wak'd Nights and Days with hazard of my Life,
To guard his Rest, and make him sleep secure;
And am I thus rewarded——branded thus.
With the opprobrious Names of Villain, Traytor—Ha!
Thou shalt have ample Reparation, *Ronveir*; [Aside.
Rinaldo, I have Matters of Import
Demand your Aid——

RINALDO.

Your Lordship's Slave.

RONVEIR.

My Friend! that Title well you merit,
Thou seest how Matters go, *Rinaldo*,
And we must timely quit this drowning Monarch,
Lest he should drag us with him to Destruction;
These Keys open the Postern Gate, take them,
And quickly steal disguis'd to Prince *Ascanio*,
There offer him our future Services,
That we'll contrive to give him Entrance here,
If for past Crimes he will our Pardons seal.
Hast and return—you'll find me on the Terras,
There we'll consult what's further to be done.

RINALDO. I fly, my Lord, to serve you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Street.

*Enter Prince Ascanio, Alphonso, Mendoza, Cruzier,
and Attendants.*

ASCANIO.

Hail you! My belov'd Friends and Companions,
The constant Followers of your injur'd Prince,

G 2

You

44 LOVE and LIBERTY.

You have prov'd this Morn, that not *Alberto's* Threats,
Nor Prisons, nor Fear of Death, can have the Force
To captivate a noble free-born Soul !

Your bold Attempt upon the Tyrant's Life,
Tho unsuccessful, merits highest Praise,
And by your near Escape, we may conclude
All-seeing Providence smiles on our Design.

Yet let the Disappointments we have fought with
Urge us to grasp with more tenacious Hands
The present glorious, golden Opportunity.

But one thing more is to be regarded
We must redeem *Castruchio* from his Chains :
His popular Name would animate the City,
And's well-try'd Valour make Success secure.

ALPHONSO.

If there be any here that fears the Event,
(As well I hope there's none) let that Man leave us,
Fear's an infectious Sin, it catches like the Plague.
And damns the Body as it taints the Soul ;
Therefore be well resolv'd.

OMNES.

We are resolv'd to live and die for *Ascanio*.

ASCANIO.

You are the only Men whom Slavery
Has not inur'd and season'd to the Yoke,
The only generous few who dare resent
The inestimable Loss of Liberty ;
This Deed shall mount you to immortal Honours,
Posterity shall gratefully record,
And in aspiring Columns carve your Worth !
The Patriots, the Restorers of lost *Naples*.

ALPHONSO.

Heroick Prince ! We will revenge thy Wrongs,
Thy Father's Blood shall now be well atton'd,
Th' Usurper long has rioted therein,
But shall refund it now with Interest.

A S.

LOVE and LIBERTY.

45

ASCANIO.

Then wait for the glad Signal which I give,
And like bold *Curtius* leap the Gulph before you,
Devoting Life a Victim to my Country.
Follow, my Fellow-Soldiers, let your Vertues
Buoy up the Freedom of the sinking Nation,
And once more set her in her shining State.
If we are doom'd to die, we suffer nobly!
Eternal Honour either way must wait us,
Like our old *Roman* Country-men, we have
Triumphant Lawrels, or a glorious Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Castruchio's* Palace.

Enter CASTRUCHIO *solus.*

CASTRUCHIO.

Impossible! Fate contradicts my Wishes,
And blunts my Dagger's Point:
I strike in vain, the Torrent roars against me,
My wearied Limbs buffet the Waves, yet still
The stronger Tide bears me from Sight of Land;
My tantaliz'd Desire has lost its Edge,
Nor can impatient Grief attend and wait,
Till lazy Justice gives the Sign for Vengeance;
End thou *Castruchio*, and thy Cares end with him,
Drink deep of *Lethe*, let th' oblivious Cup,
Drown tortur'd Memory, and thou art happy.

[*Offering to stab himself, sees Dardania enter
and drops the Dagger.*]

Ha! what do I see—my dastard coward Soul
Has rais'd this troubled Spectre from the Grave;
It comes to chide me, that I hope for Peace,
And not revenge her Murther!
I must, I will: by Heav'n I will not rest,
Till Earth be mingled with the Villain's Blood,
And sacrific'd to thy incens'd Ghost.

Say

Say then, thou pious Shade, direct my Hand,
I won't hope to give my troubled Soul
Its long'd for Peace, till thou art well atton'd.

DARDANIA.

Oh all ye never-dying Powers above!
Guardians of Chastity! and kind Rewarders
Of constant Faith, and Love! support my Reason
Least this Excess of ravishing Delight,
Leave me incapable to thank your Bounty,
Or tast this wond'rous Blessing you have given me.

CASTRUCHIO.

She lives! she lives! Eternal Providence
Has my *Dardania* to my Arms restor'd.
Thus let me rivet thee to ym Embraces;
But oh—~~Immoderate~~ Transports sink her weary'd Soul,
She faints beneath the Burthen of her Joy.

DARDANIA. Oh *Castruchio*!

[Swoons.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh my *Dardania*!

Return, my Love, come back to welcome Life,
Or I am shipwreck'd within sight of Shore.

DARDANIA.

Oh! let me live for ever thus embrac'd,
For ever feast my longing Senses on thee;
Extravagance of Joy transports me so,
My Words and Actions have so much of Wildness,
That sure thou must imagine my weak Reason
Hurt with Excess of Joy.

CASTRUCHIO.

Grow to mine Heart, for 'tis one Piece with thine,
And there enquire how my Soul adores thee,
'Tis not in Fortunes Power, or luckless Stars,
To damp my future Quier—Ha! what, said I,
That haggard Witch, Reflection, wounds me still,
Martia—Oh curse on that deceiving Name,
Unlucky Bar to my reviving Happiness!

[Aside.
DAR.

DARDANIA.

Alas! my Life! what new Disorder this?
Your Honour is secure and I inviolate.

CASTRUCHIO.

'Twas that false Fire, that shining Glow-worm, Honour,
Which, like a lambent Vapour of the Night,
Deceiv'd my Sense, and led my Soul astray,
In a wild Defart of distracting Thought.

DARDANIA.

Unfold your dark *Enigma*, let me know it.

CASTRUCHIO.

I am the Sport of Chance—the frowning Gods
Most intricately weave my Life with Troubles,
First shew me a faint Glimmering of Heav'n,
Then close the pleasing Scene, and all is Hell!

DARDANIA.

Chase, chase away those idle Fears, *Castruchio*
To thy long absent Breast, my Lord, receive me,
And forster me with Love's respiring Warmth,
For thou art all the outward Heat I've left,
Art not thou my own *Castruchio*?

CASTRUCHIO.

Thou best of Women! and of Wives the purest!
In Form an Angel, in thy Mind a Saint,
Chaster than Chrystal on the *Scythian* Cliffs,
And sweeter in Obedience than a Sacrifice!
A steady Faith, and most surprizing Beauty,
Excessive Love, and ever-during Pleasures,
Hang on thy Lips, and play about these Eyes.

DARDANIA.

Then let me know what Secret wounds your Soul.

CASTRUCHIO.

There comes the fatal Image of Despair,
The *Oedipus* that can resolve the Riddle.

Enter

Enter Martia.

MARTIA.

Confusion overwhelm her!
That Sorcerers here! Then my Design's unravell'd.
Dash'd from their Heights are all my airy Hopes,
And I have lost that dearly purchas'd Treasure,
Castruchio's Love, that which I valu'd more
Than Empire, Fame or Life—Some God inspire
My Tongue with Words, and give my Eyes such Charms,
As may recall his Love— I'll try their Force.
What! start you at my Sight, *Castruchio*;
Are these Eyes blasting, that you dread their Influence.

CASTRUCHIO.

Did'st thou not tell me, that the Grave had made
Eternal Separation, 'twixt our Loves,
And ever barr'd me from *Dardania's* Arms!
Look on this injur'd Fair; Say, thou Deceiver,
Why did you give my Body Liberty
Thus everlastingly t'en snare my Soul!

MARTIA.

Oh *Castruchio*!
Forgive that unknown Error I committed,
Yet you must own, I've paid a mighty Price,
With Loss of all, redeem'd you from your Ruin;
Has not the Priest for ever join'd our Hands?
Then let us mingle Souls, and seal our Love.

DARDANIA.

'Tis done, 'tis done! the Thunderbolt now falls
On my devoted Head, and I am sunk for ever.

[Falls into Castruchio's Arms.]

CASTRUCHIO.

Eternal Silence seize thy couzening Tongue,
Let Discord, Want, and Misery attend thee,
Thou vile Dissembler.

MAR-

LOVE and LIBERTY. 49

MARTIA.

Base and Ungrateful Man— wherefore do you curse me?
Have you not sworn for ever to be mine?
And though the genial Mysteries of Love
As yet are unaccomplished, yet you
Will not prove perjur'd sure.

DARDANIA.

And hast thou any Claim to this dear Blessing?
Have I not with inimitable Courage,
A Tyrant's execrable Vengeance dar'd?
And would have yielded up this tender Body
To the remorseless Tortures of the Rack,
Till every Artery thousand Deaths endur'd.
Yes, my *Castruchio*, I could have born the Pangs
Of agonizing Death, without a Sigh,
For thee, and hast thou thus rewarded me?

CASTRUCHIO.

Hide me some Mountain of stupendious Height
That I in Death may shroud my Misery.

MARTIA.

You ow'd him more, much more, 'twas Duty all,
For you, for every Moments Grief, receiv'd
A thousand charming Hours of springing Joy,
Tasted the Sweets that flow'd from mutual Love,
Which have a hundred-fold repaid your Sufferings:
But I for this dear Man my Honour sold,
Incurr'd the World's hard Censure, and a Parent's Curse,
Fought with the Hazards of a near Escape,
When Night and Danger both conspir'd against me,
And yet have neither tasted *Hymen's* Joys——
Scarce a kind Look—but Curfes and Upbraidings,
His bounteous Gratitude deals liberally;
Let Justice then, *Castruchio*, once encline you
To think upon the miserable *Martia*,
Undone for you.

[Coming towards *Castruchio*.]

H

C A.

LOVE and LIBERTY.

CASTRUCHIO.

Thou hast the just Reward of Treachery,
I thank thee—This Discovery
Frees me from all those Obligations, which
Press'd heavy on my Soul.—
No, thou Deceiver, here my Passion centers!

[Turning to Dardania.

Oh thou divinest Good—
Come to my Heart, and quench its burning Fever
With thy allaying Love and cooling Softness.

[They embrace.

MARTIA.

Torture! I cannot bear it! Those Embraces,
Are the sharp Pangs of Death! Horror, Despair,
Thus let me part! thus I divorce you ever!

[Offers to stab her.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh Happy, would'st thou dip thy Hands in Blood?

MARTIA.

What wou'd I not to have you mine, Castruchio.

CASTRUCHIO.

Inhumane Wretch! for this Attempt of thine;
My Soul abhors thee like my evil Genius:
Here will I live—

[To Dardania.

At this fair Shrine, my every Hour of Life
To come, shall offer Prayers and Penitence,
To render Satisfaction for a Crime
My inconsiderate Folly brought upon me,
Misguided by the Treachery of Martia.

DARDANIA.

Oh thou hast amply made me Satisfaction.

MARTIA.

Oh curst Deceiver! Damn'd Villain! hear me;
That Mist which long deceiv'd my Eyes, is vanish'd;
Thy most unmanly Baseness has dispers'd
Fond Love, and all its fiery Train of Wiles;

And

LOVE and LIBERTY. 51

And now implacable Revenge and Scorn
Have swell'd my Breast with complicated Fury,
Therefore beware, for by my Sexes Cunning,
So artfully I'll lay the Scheme of Vengeance,
Not thy most accurate Care shall countermine it.

CASTRUCHIO.

I dare thy utmost Hate, while I possess
This Miracle of Innocence and Truth;
While she is safe I cannot be unhappy.

MARTIA.

On her I'll double my destructive Rage,
You have her now, and pride in her Possession;
But from this Moment shield her from my Sight,
For if again she meets her Rival's Eyes,
Expect to hear that they have flash'd her dead.

[Exit Martia.]

CASTRUCHIO.

Welcome thou lovely Charmer of my Soul,
Oh say, how didst thou 'scape Alberto's Fury?

DARDANIA.

When that inexorable Monarch found,
Nor Prayers, nor Threats could move me to his Will,
He gave me up to Ronveir's Care, and waited
A more auspicious Opportunity.

That venerable Slave beheld me too

With wishing Eyes—and sav'd me from his Master:

But in the late Confusion, when the Populace

Swell'd like the Sea, and bore down all before 'em,

They ranfack'd that Apartment of the Palace,

Where I was left by that old Villain, Ronveir,

Then happily i'th' Tumult I escap'd;

And wandering up and down as my Fears led me,

Kind Heav'n at last brought me to thy lov'd Arms.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh glorious Reward of suffering Vertue!

DARDANIA.

Come thou dear Pledge of Love, let us retire
 From the World's Cares, and happy in each other,
 Welcome those Blessings which the Gods have giv'n.
 Let not Ambition tempt thee forth again,
 To tread the slippery Paths that lead to Grandeur :
 Let us like cautious saving Gamesters now
 Live on the Stock of Honour we have won,
 Nor trust to Fortune's giddy Wheel our Peace.

CASTRUCHIO.

Let us to some sweet Solitude repair,
 And in a homely Cottage fix for ever,
 Lead a long Life in Love and Innocence,
 There taste those guiltless Joys unknown to Courts,
 And Hand in Hand go downwards to the Grave.

DARDANIA.

The Lark shall wake us with harmonious Songs,
 And Nightingales conclude the Ev'nings Comfort,
 There uncorrupted Nature ev'ry where,
 Will give us a kind Taste of Paradice.

[Shouts of Liberty without.]

Enter ASCANIO.

CASTRUCHIO.

Ha ! my Prince——
 Receive, thou Royal Youth, upon his Knees,
 A Welcome from a miserable Subject,
 Wearied with Cares, and lost to Fortune's Smiles,
 The Gods have left one Happiness in Store,
 And that one Blessing amply pays *Castruchio*
 For all the Miseries of this wretched Life.

ASCANIO.

Rouse, -rouze my Friend, at the great Call of Honour;
 Sedition is abroad, and Mischief ripens!
 The bellowing Rout are from all Quarters met,
 And the poor frightened Tyrant like a Hare,
 Is skulk'd into his Form, and shakes for Fear:
 The deep-mouth'd Pack will trace the bloody Scent,
 And fasten on his Throat—Thro' every Street,
 The Torrent pours, and Volleys rend the Air
 With Shouts of Liberty——

CASTRUCHIO.

My busy Hours of Life at length are done.

ASCANIO.

Death! what Disease has seiz'd you.

CASTRUCHIO.

We have sworn my Lord, we two, this happy Pair,
 Never to part, nor trust the World again.

ASCANIO.

End, Sir, the noble Task you have begun:
 We only wait your Presence, to inspire
 And give the last glad Stroke for Liberty,
 Exert your self once more, my Lord; let Honour
 Spur you to Action, then like the God of Day,
 You'll set in Streaks of everlasting Glory.

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh my *Dardania*!

This Honour is the inspiring, noble Sound,
 That rouses, like the Trumpet, to Engagement.
 Forgive me, Love! let rip'ning Glory now,
 In a full Circle meeting, crown my Character:
 Let me not fully Fame, by this last Act,
 And I shall come immaculate to thy Arms,
 Thy Hero, and thy Lover!

DAR.

DARDANIA.

Oh my *Castruchio* !
 The dying Sparks of Glory still inspire me,
 And spight of fond weak Love, thou shalt return
 The Patriot, the Defender of lost *Naples* !

CASTRUCHIO.

Oh my Prince !
 Behold and register in Fame this Godlike Vertue,
 This Heroine, this most unequal'd Woman !

*From her enliv'ning-Breath my Soul receives
 Its ancient Heat, and Honour thus revives ;
 Let's tear the Tyrant from his guilty Throne,
 And in his Height of Fury sink him down.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *the out Part of the Castle.*

*Enter Alcanio, Alphonso, Mendoza, Castruchio;
Souldiers and the Rabble shooting.*

ASCANIO.

Alphonso, Let it be your Care to see
The City Ports well mann'd; you, *Mendoza*, guard
The Cittadel-Avenues; th' Usurper, drench'd in Blood,
Lies there immur'd—Place so your wilely Toyls,
That he escape us not—And you, *Castruchio*,
Inspire the People's Minds with just Revenge,
For Wrongs sustain'd—And let our Friends aloud
Cry, Liberty—

OMNES.

—Liberty—Huzzah—Liberty—

CASTRUCHIO.

My Countrymen, 'tis Liberty we fight for,
Nature's Inheritance, the universal Charter
That all Mankind are born to—
Remember, Oh you Men of *Naples*! think
What you have suffer'd, since you yielded up
Your Native Rights to arbitrary Sway.
Life is a Burthen, when it labours under
Th' oppressive Load of a despotick Power,
And those alone who are in willing Bondage
Deserve to dragg a Tyrant's cumb'rous Chain:

And

And if again you wish not to be Slaves,
Take Courage, and compleat what you've begun.

ASCANIO.

'Then to th' Attack, my Friends! Behold
This is the Tyrant's Hive, where all his Swarm
Of lazy Drones, immur'd within their Cells,
In plenty feed upon the People's Honey,
Which we with sulphurous Fury will expell.
Root out the Cause, the Consequence is great,
When Tyrants Blood atones for Blood they've spilt,
But see the Usurper——

CASTRUCHIO.

See how the Furies dwell upon his Brow,
How his Eyes sparkle, how his glowing Cheeks,
Illustrate all his Soul tyrannick——

The King appears upon the Battlements.

KING.

Rebellious Miscreants, who for Power contend,
Think not that we regard your worthless Rage,
That thus we answer to your impious Summons!
Nor let your Pride so far deceive your Faith,
Fondly to fancy we vouchsafe our Presence
Through Fear, Despair, or shameful Cowardice!
But know, we scorn to stoop, or bend us to our Fate,
And tho encircled round with certain Death,
Which, like directing Lines from all Parts bent,
Point to the Center of our stable Heart,——
'Tis now as free, as far from being dejected,
As when with most ungovern'd Sway we trod
On your rebellious Necks——

ASCANIO.

Be not deceiv'd with these delusive Hopes,
Tyrant, thou'rt in the Toyle, and growl'st in vain;
Not the glad Huntsman's prouder of his Prey,

Than

Than thou wer't in the Height of Lust and Riot.

KING.

What is this Vaunter?

ASCANIO.

I am *Ascanio*, lawful Heir of *Naples*,
Resolv'd to mount my Predecessor's Throne!
Tyrant, open the Gates, and yield thy self
Our Prisoner, or expect no Mercy;
Awake thy Fears, and tremble at our Justice.

KING.

That Sin of Cowards, Traytor,
Is far beneath the Soul of Majesty.
Know, Slaves, *Alberto* is in this weak Tower,
As great as fearless, and as bravely Royal
As ever Monarch was amidst his Triumphs.
And, to your Terror, from these old Battlements,
Shall let the Sun of Royalty break forth
With such contagious Ardor on Rebellion,
That every Beam, instead of chearing Warmth,
Shall bring consuming Plagues, and sweep you all
To swift Destruction—

CASTRUCHIO.

Once more we offer you our Articles,
The Terms by which you yet may save your Life.

KING.

Away, be gone, my Soul disdains your Kindness:
If thou wilt gratify my Choler, curse me!
Death is a Bugbear to fright Women with,
And only terrible to timorous Slaves.
Come on, and now, I wish this Storm of Fate,
May prove as dreadful as the Fall of Orbs
Thrown by the angry Hand of mighty *Jove*,
On his gigantick Foes, attempting Heaven,
And crush this nether-Globe!
Then to immortal Fame it shall be known
(Shou'd there a new created World arise)

I

That

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That the old tottering Fabrick sunk with us,
And from our Dust th' unfinish'd *Embryo* sprung.

O M N E S.

Huzza ! &c. Down with the Tyrant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Castruchio's Palace.*

Enter Martia like Castruchio, in a Wig and Morning-Gown.

MARTIA.

In this Disguise, even her lov'd Hero's Habit,
Which curst *Camilla* by her Care provided,
I'll sting her to the Heart.—Ha ! was't not she
That swiftly cross'd the Pavement ? Slighted Love,
Does like a guilty Conscience, strike my Soul,
And urges to Revenge ; yes thou shalt fall *Dardania*,
A Victim to my disappointed Passion.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Ronveir pointing to Martia.

RONVEIR.

See where he goes ; bless'd Opportunity !
My Soul's enliven'd, and receives new Joy,
At this unlook'd for happy Accident ;
When I've secur'd by this [*Shews a Dagger*] her Traytor
(Husband,

Camilla will be then entirely mine !
Ev'n here, in his own Palace I'll attack him ; [*Noise of Shouts.*
Curse on the giddy Multitude, how they press on,
One Moment more, and I had gain'd my Purpose.
I wonder why *Rinaldo* comes not,
Sure all goes well———Ob ! [*Enter Rinaldo.*
Have you deliver'd the Keys ?

R I.

RINALDO.

I have—e'er this the Tyrant is destroy'd:
Your Pardon with the Prince is also seal'd,
As firm as Oaths and Promises can make it.

RONVEIR.

Enough, enough—
Let Horses on the Road be laid, to fly
If Dangers threaten; our Flight secur'd,
We may contrive some further Means
To gain the wish'd for Prize—*Dardania*!

RINALDO.

My Lord, the Horses are already plac'd,
And your Attendants warn'd in Case of need.

RONVEIR

Expect me then at the appointed Place. [Exit Rinaldo.
Now for *Castruchio*—he dies this Moment,
He falls a Sacrifice to Love, to Rage, and all
The glowing Passions cherish'd in my Breast. [Withdraws

Re-enter MARTIA.

This Way I think she pass'd;
Ha! What frightful Noise was that? [Trembling.
Ah Fear! thou Female Weakness, hence be gone!
My Wrongs have steel'd me to a manly Courage;
Revenge has grain'd my Temper!
That God-like Attribute of Power—How
It swells my Heart, and rages for a Passage!

Ronveir enters, and stabs her through the Back.

RONVEIR.

Thus, thus I end my hated Rival's Life.

[Exit.

MARTIA.

An everlasting Curse pursue the Hand
That unawares surpriz'd me like a Coward,
And sunk my Soul in Sight of Happiness.
Unlucky Turn of Chance—
Thus vilely am I caught in my own Toyls,

Even then when soaring high,
 Envy had tour'd me on Revenge's Wings,
 Ready to stoop and seize my trembling Prey,
 To miss the Game, and meet unlook'd for Fate:
 But 'tis in vain——Life's Tapours dimly burn,
 And this is but a Flash e'er they expire.
 There, there the Soul got loose,
 And flutt'ring like a long imprison'd Bird,
 At length has broke this brittle earthly Cage,
 And roves at large, but knows not where to rest:
 Oh *Dardania* !

[Dies.

Enter Dardania and Stella.

D A R D A N I A.

Hark ! Was not that a hollow dying Voice,
 Which at our Entrance seem'd to sigh its last,
 And faintly eccho'd in a Groan my Name. [Sees the Body.
 Ha, murder'd ! Oh execrable, horrid Act !
 Weep Eyes, till Sorrow drain your Fountains dry,
 For here's a Sight will exhaust your Store.

S T E L L A.

Turn from the dreadful Scene,
 Lest powerful Grief shou'd o'erwhelm your Nature.

D A R D A N I A.

Oh most inexpiable Cruelty !
 O unexpected Horror, Soul-racking Object !
 And yet my Brain, my tortur'd Reason holds.

S T E L L A. Have Patience, Madam.

D A R D A N I A.

No——no——all my future Hours
 Shall in incessant, waiting Tears be spent,
 Ages shall now but Moments seem in Sorrow :
 Oh my lov'd Lord ! Death sha' not, cannot part us.
 Thus let me lay me by his bleeding Side,
 And drink the Crimson Current as it flows.

S T E L L A. For Heaven's Sake, Madam !

D A R.

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DARDANIA.

No, never will I leave this mangled Body,
Oh you almighty Guardians of true Vertue,
Where was your wonted Care, your Providence,
When this inhumane barbarous Act was done.
Accursed Villains! Oh Blood thirsty Dogs!
Heaven dart its swiftest Vengeance on your Heads!
And Hell's eternal Plagues be your Reward!
To you the Powers of Heaven and Hell I call!
But oh, I rave, I curse, I pray in vain;
The Gods are deaf, else why should Heav'n permit
This wild Injustice?—Oh ye midnight Fiends,
(You durst not act this in the Face of Day.)
May Horror, Ruin, Death, Damnation seize you.

STELLA. Have Patience, Madam.

DARDANIA.

Let rav'nous Tygers of their Young bereav'd,
Refrain their Fury——'Twere a Sin in me
To learn dull Patience——In vain the Breath of Heav'n,
Infus'd the Fire of chaste connubial Love,
And thro' each Art'ry spread the sacred Flame:
If I with cold Indifference could bear
A Husband's Loss, or tamely see Love's Light,
By Villains Hands lie there extinguished.
Oh my *Castruchio*! Oh thou Godlike Man!
Here let me fix my Feet—for ever here
Deplore thy Loss, and curse the horrid Deed.

[Going to
the Body.]

Ronveir and Rinaldo enter, and seize Dardania and Stella.

RONVEIR.

——— See where she stands:
Fate I defy thee now! She's in my Power,
Nor will I part again with the lov'd Treasure,
For all that Earth can yield, or Heav'n can give.

But

But uncontroll'd, revel in balmy Sweets,
And drench my hot Desires in flowing Joys.

DARDANIA.

Oh Heav'n! what further Mischiefs yet remain?
What unaccomplish'd Miseries attend me?
Some Guardian Angel shield me from this Villain;
What is his horrid Purpose. *[Shouts of the Rabble.*

RINALDO.

Hark, hark, the Rabble come, the growing Noise
Shew their Approach this way. My Lord, dispatch,
Or we shall find it difficult to 'scape.

DARDANIA.

Unhand me, impious, base, detested Ravisher!
Thou vilest Monster, most inhumane Devil,
A Devil scorns the Fact—Oh kill me rather:
Then Heav'n will take it as a Sacrifice,
And I'll invoke it, to forgive the Crime:
But if your hellish Lust should force a Rape,
Know there's a Hell—

RONVEIR.

Those Tears but nourish and foment my Passion.
And 'stead of quenching the unruly Flame,
They make my Heart with glowing Ardour burn.
And as parch'd Earth does after teeming Showers,
My Resolutions with fresh Vigour swell;
Come then and tast the springing op'ning Joy,
And blend and mix your mellow Love with mine.

RINALDO.

Again they shout—this Way the Rabble come. *[Shouting]*
Good my Lord hast, for their Approach is near.

RONVEIR. Yield, yield, *Dardania.*

And I will place thy Beauties in my Heart,
To comfort and regale thee with the Sweets
And Odours of refreshing Love—And thus
Transplanted from a Husband's hungry Earth,
Your Charms with recent Lustre shall bud forth,

And

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And blossom in a Lovers fertile Soil.

DARDANIA.

Loose me thou most unmanly Monster,
Worthless Villain——

Enter Castruchio, Ascanio, and Souldiers ; The Rabble shouting, The Tyrant's Destroy'd, Liberty ! Liberty !

CASRTUCHIO.

Stand off my Prince ! oppose not my just Rage,
The Villain there *Alberto's* Minister
Of Lust, of Rapine, and Tyrannick Rage ;
Deserves an exquisite Damnation——

Thus let me sink him in his Heat of Blood, [Stabbs him.]
Send him to howl with Devils and his curst Master.

RONVEIR. Furies confound you all—— [Falls.]

DARDANIA. Amazement seizes me !
Oh fatal Extasy of Joy——

[Swoons.]

CASTRUCHIO.

Awake *Dardania*, open those fair Eyes,
And shine upon thy Dear, thy lov'd *Castruchio*.

DARDANIA.

Oh, bloody confusion ! Is *Castruchio* safe ?

CASRTUCHIO.

He must be so, thy Piety's his Guard.
Thou art Heaven's Darling Care, and all the God's
Now crown thy Wishes, and reward thy Vertue.

DARDANIA.

Amazement and Surprise bewilder me,
And every Sense is now so full of Pleasure,
That feeble Reason in the Conflict dies.
Oh my dear Lord ! The Joy I had to find
You mine again, mine, living and secure,
So stretch'd my agonizing Heart with Transport,
That it had like to crack Life's Strings, and prove
More fatal than convulsive Fears, caused by
That Wretched Man, or that delusive Fair.

C A.

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CASTRUCHIO. Ha! *Martia* dead!
Justice has over-taken now thy Crimes!

ASCANIO. Speak thou miserable Villain,
Know'st thou how *Martia* fell.

RONVEIR.

This luckless hand struck her in that Disguise,
But 'twas design'd to end my happy Rival.
Deceitful Wisdom! that deluding Fire
Has led me by false Lights to certain Death;
I can no more——The Veil of Fate is drawing,
And now for ever hides me——

[Dies.]

CASTRUCHIO.

That Ponyard in her dying Hand declares
She justly met her Fate, and *Ronveir's* Error
Was by all-seeing Providence thy Safety!
Her disappointed boundless Rage had vow'd
Eternal Ruin to our Love.

DARDANIA.

Through what a Labyrinth of Woes we've past
To meet at last thus happily secure.

CASTRUCHIO.

The Praise be Heavens, and ours the Happiness;
Remove those Bodies to a proper Place. [Servants remove
And now my Prince, to whom fair *Naples* owes [the Bodies.
Her Liberty, and all the Charms of Peace!
May the Example of *Alberto's* Fate
Inform you, you're to govern Men, not Beasts,
Warn you to persevere in Vertue's Road;
So shall fair *Liberty* with equal Weight
Support their Rights, and your Prerogative.
Let Piety, and gentle Moderation
Endear you to your faithful Subjects Hearts,
While there you reign you will securely prove,
The Bulwark of a Throne's the Peoples Love.

FINIS.



